

Two Lovers

By RALPH HAMILTON

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The belle of the village, Gladys Marcy, had two aspirants for her favor upon whom she bestowed especial attention.

They were Alan Druse and Morton Bayne—opposites in every sense of the word. They had each attracted Gladys and it was difficult for her to decide which appealed to her liking most: Alan, with his flashing, fun-loving ways, or Morton, with a soul enwrapped in music and seeming always in a poetic dream.

Alan loved her, or fancied he did, and his vivacious ways bade fair in the eyes of the gossips to outvie Morton so far as courting went. It had begun to dawn upon Gladys, however, that Alan was somewhat frivolous.

It was all Morton with Gladys when, in the church choir at entertainments, or passing an evening in the Marcy home he wrought from his violin bewildering witchery of harmony and expression that caused her heartstrings to quiver with a rare delight. He had never, however, hinted at anything more than friendship. His income was modest and seemed a steady one, for a number of his compositions had become generally popular and likely to remain so, and out of royalties he had received he had already accumulated several thousand dollars.

Gladys fluttered visibly one evening when Morton appeared at her home while Alan was already in evidence. Somehow the manner of the latter had indicated to her that he was on the verge of a proposal, and she had wondered how she could seek to evade a direct decision, feeling instinctively that she scarcely knew her own mind as yet. A certain sultriness overspread the face of Alan as he discerned that he was not to have Gladys exclusively for that evening at least. He looked bored as the parents insisted on some music and Morton, ever accommodating, brought out his violin.

It was in the midst of a lovely sonata that entranced all his auditors save Alan that the unexpected happened. Gladys was seated by the lamp on the table when there was a quick hiss and then a sudden outburst of flame. She uttered a vivid scream, her hands went up to her face with frantic suddenness. Alan sprang back, quite unnerved and affrighted. Morton cast aside his violin with a fling and sprang toward her, noting that one sleeve of the light, dainty dress she wore was all ablaze. There was a second explosion, and he had extinguished the flaming dress when his eyes closed with a spasm of pain. Then—darkness, so utter for himself that he groped blindly about him.

"Is Gladys safe?" fell from his lips in an eager, anxious gasp. "I cannot see! I fear—"

There he paused, appalled. In vain he strove to strain his darkened vision. It was only from the exclamations of the others that he could trace what was happening! Gladys, insensible and sustaining frightful face burns from the second explosion, himself helpless to assist her, the injured girl carried to her room, a collapse on his own part, a fading away of all consciousness, his feeble, bewildering return, and a realization that old Doctor Moore was at his side examining his eyes.

"He probably saved Gladys by extinguishing her flaming dress," Morton caught the physician's tones, "but at a terrible cost—he is utterly blind!"

It was many days before the lives of those disturbed by the startling event of the explosion settled down into the old peaceful grooves. Only once did Alan Druse call at the Marcy home. He was genuinely solicitous. A glance into the next room, a sight of Gladys so shocked him that soon he left the house, never to return. And Gladys, understanding, turned her head on her pillow and wept bitterly. Then, when her nurse had left her alone, she stole to a mirror with her eyes almost affrighted as she staggered back to the couch. Her beauty was gone! She realized now why Alan Druse had fled as from a pestilence.

It was a week later that Morton Bayne knew the worst. He was told that his case was hopeless. For a time that gentle, sensitive soul was dumb. Then in sorrow, in self-counsel and prayer he emerged, chastened, patient, with a rare smile upon his face and his mind at perfect peace.

"There is music!" he whispered raptly to himself, and then, half doubtingly, but with a longing quiver in his tone: "There is Gladys to dream of, to love, even though she never thinks of me save as a friend."

The mother of Gladys one day led the welcome adored hero who had saved the life of her daughter into the room where that daughter sat. She left those two afflicted ones alone, went out and closed the door. Before that patient face and the sightless eyes and at a thought of what this sacrifice meant to her, Gladys impulsively extended her trembling hands to meet the groping ones of her visitor.

"Morton!" she sobbed that name only, and her head fell upon his breast.

The face of the blind man was momentarily glorified—heart to heart, he could feel the responsive thrill to his ardent own, and lo! there flooded his soul a light that could never dim—the radiance of lasting, perfect love.

PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW OF LIFE

Mr. Goslington Tells How Sight of Funeral Procession Brings Reflections That Uplift.

"As a rule," said Mr. Goslington, "I take a cheerful view. Perhaps when I get to be older I shall be more doleful, but it would be hard for me to be that way now. For as far as I've got life has been pretty good to me. I have had my little setbacks and now and then a real jolt, but on the whole my lot has been happy."

"True I have not accumulated a fortune, but I have had work to do and I have earned a living. I might say a comfortable living; and I have been blessed with good health. And so for me all nature smiles and men are friendly and the world is a pleasant place to live in; I take a cheerful view—as a rule."

"But I will admit that I do have spells, not of sheer despondency—I would not say that, but times when I am depressed, when things go wrong, when adverse happenings have all but discouraged me; times when I totally forget what we should in such days always remember, namely, that there never yet was a storm but cleared off some time, to leave everything bright and sunny as before; there are times, I say, when even I, usually so cheerful, am downcast."

"When thus oppressed I find great help in funeral processions."

"As the solemn cortege passes I cannot but reflect that I shall have the one great priceless gift and blessing—life, with all its hopes and opportunities; and so, with all respect and sorrow for the dead, in this presence my own petty troubles vanish, the clouds roll back and the sun comes out clear and strong again.—New York Sun.

STORK'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND

Record of Bird's Appearance in 1416 May Be Found in Chronicles of the Country.

The white stork of the continent of Europe, which is encouraged in most, and even protected in some, of the countries to which it resorts to breed, and round which much story and legend have gathered, has been known for centuries to be an occasional visitor to the British Isles, chiefly to Norfolk, but very rarely to Scotland, though it has never been known to nest or even attempt to do so in Britain.

However, a record of its having nested in Scotland appears in Goodall's edition of the "Scotchichonicon." This work was begun by John Fordun, who died about 1384, and was continued by Walter Bower, the abbot of Inchcolm. It is in Bower's chronicles for 1416 that the story appears. The translation runs thus:

"In the year of our Lord, fourteen hundred and sixteen, there died on the morrow of the birth of St. John the Baptist, Master James Bisset, prior of St. Andrew's. In this same year, a pair of storks came to Scotland and nested on top of the church of St. Giles of Edinburgh and dwelt there throughout a season of the year; but to what place they flew away thereafter no one knows."

Commenting on this, Lord Leslie Clarke says: "The church of St. Giles, on which the storks nested, was a new stone edifice commenced in 1387, to replace a former church destroyed in 1385, and some of it doubtless forms part of the cathedral of today."

Mark Twain on Conscience.

There is on record a conversation that Mark Twain had with Kipling, in which the former discoursed on the conscience. The story is told by Kipling. He reports Twain as saying: "A conscience is like a child. If you pet it and play with it, and let it have everything that it wants it becomes spoiled and intrudes on all your amusements and most of your griefs. Treat your conscience as you would treat anything else. When it rebels spank it—be severe with it, prevent its coming to play with you at all hours, and you will secure a good conscience; that is to say, a properly trained one. A spoiled one simply destroys the pleasures of life. I think that I have reduced mine to order. At least I have not heard from it for some time. Perhaps I have killed it from severity. It's wrong to kill a child, but in spite of all I have said a conscience differs from a child in many ways. Perhaps it's best when it is dead."

Ingenious "Fake" Pistol.

A French inventor has recently placed on the market a "fake" pistol. This weapon, although in reality absolutely harmless, goes off with a very realistic crack when the trigger is pulled. It also makes a blinding flash calculated to scare any burglar.

Inventions of an even more complicated nature are constantly being heard of. A well-to-do gentleman living in Surrey has recently had his house and grounds fitted with an elaborate burglar trap. With this device a midnight marauder cannot approach near the house without setting a number of electric bells within a ringling. And should the burglar not hear them and actually enter the building he would be caught in a vise by one of the many steel contraptions cunningly placed about.—London Tit-Bits.

Second Thoughts.

Mrs. Justwed—When I married I resolved to yield to my husband in everything.

Mrs. Langwed—So did I. And then resolved never to act on that resolution.

The Mute Messenger

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

Ben Dymond was out of a job and there was a hungry wife and child at home. He had wandered the streets all the morning without meeting with the least encouragement as to employment. Footsore, down-hearted, faint from the want of food, he was resting on a refuse box in front of a hotel when a hunched man in overalls came out on the sidewalk, observed his woe-begone appearance, and accosted him.

"Ready for a two hours' task?" he inquired incidentally.

"Ready for two years, night and day, so the home folks have regular meals!" responded Ben with alacrity.

"Well, there's fifty cents an hour in it," volunteered the other. "Come on. Hello! no drink in this, I hope?"

"Never touch that," said Ben. Then with a weary smile: "Nothing except a couple of crusts since last night," for he had staggered and his companion had mistaken the cause.

"Very well, you come with me," he directed. "The meal will be a good one, and thrown in with the dollar," and indeed it was a famous meal in the hotel kitchen. There was more than a plenty. Ben ate sparingly until one of the cooks, comprehending the situation, shoved in his pocket a box filled with choicest viands and "lunch at bedtime—see?"

Ben was taken to the roof of the hotel, where he was given a carpet beater and a pile of possibly a hundred small rugs. He attacked them with a will. In an hour and a quarter by the clock he had completed his task and his employer handed him a dollar bill.

"I haven't worked the full time," submitted Ben.

"No, but you've done two hours' average work, all the same. Now perhaps there's some odd work for tomorrow. You stay here till I hunt up the manager and find out."

Ben was nothing loath as to seating himself on the cornice and resting up. He became aware of a commotion in the street, and peered four stories down. Across the street was a great skyscraper, and in its shade a crowd was gathered, eyes fixed skyward. Ben followed their gaze. Dangling from a telephone wire was a pigeon.

The pigeon had struggled into flying position, fluttered up and took off in a violent dash. The string held and the bird was jerked back to helplessness. Women grabbed the arms of men they did not know and implored them to "do something!" Wordless prayers seemed concentrated upon anxious, sympathetic lips. Again the well-nigh exhausted pigeon fluttered up, drew the string loose, tumbled wearily through the air and dropped inert at the feet of the interested and pitying Ben. Its eyes were open, its breath came in spasms. As he took it into his hands and caressed it Ben noticed a small metal disk surrounding one foot. Clearly traced upon it were the words: "Carrier dove, registered A 32. Property of Arthur Blake, 32 Webster terrace. Return or report, at owner's cost."

The man who had hired Ben showed up to tell him that he could come to work on the morrow. He stared at the pigeon and listened with interest to Ben's explanation.

"It must be a bird of some value," he said. "Webster terrace? That's only a mile from here. I say, you stand a good chance of a reward for taking it to this Arthur Blake."

"I'll do just that," declared Ben. "Not that I want the p.p.y., but the poor, gentle thing's heart is beating like a trip hammer," and he placed it within his coat and was on his way with his new adventure at once. His destination proved to be a handsome mansion on a select thoroughfare. The servant who admitted him led him to a room where sat a stately old lady, who took the bird from Ben's hand and held it as lovingly to her breast as though it was some cherished child. She asked Ben a number of questions, thanked him for his restoration of the bird, and explained that it was a valued pet of her son. She took up her purse and insisted on Ben accepting a \$5 bill, and lifting a wing of the pigeon drew forth a compact little wad of paper secured to a tiny metal ring, opened it, perused it, and read aloud the words: "Come back and—forgive!"

Later Ben knew that this missive was from the former fiancée of Arthur Blake, a Miss Ethel Brent. They had quarreled over a trifle. Blake had been disappointed in receiving no word from his petulant love and had just left the house bound on a long journey. The old mother arose to her feet deeply excited. She asked Ben to hasten to a certain railroad depot, to board the Sunset Limited, to hand to her son the little note and explain how he had come by it.

Just as the train was about to pull out Ben sped by the gate guard, swung to a rear parlor coach, made a voluble inquiry, placed in the hands of a handsome young man the tiny note, and both left the train just as it was moving out. As they parted, and Arthur Blake hastened to seek his contrite sweetheart, he pressed upon Ben half the contents of his purse, sufficient to keep the wolf from the door for many a day to come.

Rival of the X-Ray.

A physician has contrived a simple camera that seems to rival the X-ray in a limited field. Into a light-proof box, containing the member to be examined, he admits light from a tungsten lamp, filtered to pass only red rays. Passing through the hand or foot the red light strikes, at the bottom of the box, a photographic plate highly sensitized with an eosin solution. An exposure of one-half second makes the shadow picture.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the undersigned dentists of North Platte, will close our offices every Thursday afternoon until October 1st, 1919.

Signed:

H. C. BROCK,
A. L. LANE,
D. E. MORRILL,
L. J. KRAUSE,
H. E. MITCHELL,
O. H. CRESSLER,
W. F. CROOK.

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Notice of Execution Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued by Wm. H. C. Woodhurst, County Judge, in and for Lincoln County, Nebraska, in favor of Anna Holderness and against William Holderness and to me directed, and which said execution was issued out of said Court on the 26th day of July, 1919, I will at 1 o'clock p. m. on the 23rd day of August, 1919, at the North Side Livery Barn, operated by Julius Mogensen, 109 Block West 24th St., in the City of North Platte, Nebraska, offer for sale at public vendue, the following goods and chattels to-wit: To satisfy a judgment of \$75.85 and costs of \$9.00, and accruing costs, and also interest at 7 per cent from the date of such judgment:

One bay mare, named Mollie, 7 years old, weight about 1150 lbs., with wire cut on right hind foot.

One brown mare, named Daisy, 5 years old, weight about 1100 lbs.

One brown mare about 17 years old with suckling colt, weight of mare about 1000.

Which said goods and chattels have been levied upon and taken under said execution by me as property of the said William Holderness to satisfy a judgment and costs and accruing costs as above set forth.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1919.

A. J. SALISBURY
a12-22 Sheriff of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of Herman Sonnenman, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Notice is hereby given to any and all persons having claims and demands against the estate of the said Herman Sonnenman, deceased, that the 10th day of December, 1919, has been set and appointed as the day for the reception, examination, adjustment and allowance of lawful claims and demands of all persons, against said estate and that the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, will at said time receive, examine, adjust and allow all such claims against said estate, as provided by law, at the County Court Room in the Court House in the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, and all persons so interested in said estate will appear at said time and place and bring present the said claims and demands in the manner required by law, or show cause for not so doing, and in any case any of said claims or demands not so presented on or prior to the said 10th day of December, 1919, the same shall be forever barred.

Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, August 5, 1919.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
a12-25 County Judge.

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1683 of Laura A. Bergman, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of John W. Bergman, as administrator of said estate which has been set for hearing on August 22, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated July 28, 1919.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
a12-25 County Judge.

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1676 of J. C. Pennington, deceased in the county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The state of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Harley L. Pennington as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on August 22d, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated July 26th, 1919.

Wm. H. C. WOODHURST,
a12-25 County Judge.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by the undersigned on section 23-13-30 who there resides, on or about April 15, 1919, a black horse, weight about 1000 pounds, about ten years old, no brands distinguishable. Owner call, prove property, pay charges and take animal away.

SCOTT REYNOLDS,
North Platte, Neb.
Phone 786F11 53-12

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1682 of Gust Katsanos, deceased in the county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The state of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of John Mastores as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing on August 22, 1919 at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated July 22, 1919.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
a12-25 County Judge.

See "Clinton & Son" about your Eyes and satisfied. Son is over on the Rhine, will be home soon. Sign of the Big Ring.

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Notice to Creditors

Estate No. 1667 of Cyrus C. Parsons, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is November 20th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is July 17th, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on August 20th, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on November 20th, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1919.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
a12-25 County Judge.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate No. 1674 of Albert Coolidge, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against the said estate is December 5th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is August 1st, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on September 5th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on December 5th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1919.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
a5-29 County Judge.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.

Mary Ann Craig, Valley Loan & Trust Company, and the Northeast Quarter of Section 18, Township 13, Range 32 west of the 6th P. M. Lincoln County, Nebraska, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, will hereby take notice that Wesley T. Wilcox and John J. Halligan, plaintiffs in a certain action, wherein the said Wesley T. Wilcox and John J. Halligan are plaintiffs and you and each of you are defendants, filed their petition in the District Court of the 13th Judicial District in and for Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of said action being to quiet plaintiffs' title to the NE 1/4 of Section 18, Township 13, Range 32 west of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska. Plaintiffs seek to have their title quieted against a certain mortgage upon the above described real estate executed by James C. Alexander and wife to the Lombard Investment Company on July 13th, 1889, which mortgage is recorded in book 9 of mortgages page 320 of the real estate records of Lincoln County, Nebraska, which mortgage was afterwards assigned to the defendant, Mary Ann Craig, which said assignment is filed of record in book 27, page 575 real estate records of Lincoln County, Nebraska. Plaintiffs allege that said mortgage has been paid and that the same is barred by the Statutes of Limitations of the State of Nebraska, plaintiffs also seek to quiet their title against the claim of Valley Loan & Trust Company under a warranty deed executed by Samuel Cornmesser and wife dated December 19, 1892 and recorded in book "L" of deeds page 461 real estate records of Lincoln County, Nebraska; plaintiffs also alleged that they have acquired a new independent title to said real estate by adverse possession.

You are further notified that unless you answer said petition on or before the 2nd day of September, 1919, judgment will be rendered against you.

WESLEY T. WILCOX and JOHN J. HALLIGAN, Plaintiffs.
By Halligan, Beatty & Halligan, their Attorneys.

July 22 A 15.

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Phone 1000.

NOTICE

In the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. Ruth E. Winget, Plaintiff, vs. Helen C. Ross, Ethel M. Winget, Charles H. Winget and Charles Ross, Defendants.

Notice is